

TERMS : \$2.00 per Year, in Advance.

20 cts. per Single Copy.

Vol. III.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

No. 3.

SOUTHERN

BIVOAC



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THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

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[For the Bivouac.]

HOOD'S TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER I.



HE military operations of the Army of Tennessee, in 1864, from Dalton to the south bank of the Chattahoochee river, and thence to and around Atlanta, and finally at Jonesboro, created feelings of hostility between the two distinguished generals, who, at different times during this campaign, were in command of the army. The history of this campaign, given to the public by each of the commanders of the Army of Tennessee, has provoked no inconsiderable amount of criticism, and although written and published years after the termination of the war, resulted in intensify-

ing the differences between these officers and their respective adherents. Their theories and methods of conducting a campaign and manœuvring an army were essentially different, and it may be truthfully said, directly the opposite, yet the result, in the tactical operations of both, was the same, to the distressed and failing fortunes of the Confederate arms.

The belief existed with the people throughout the Confederacy that the genius and military capacity of General Johnston, with the army under his command, would enable him to hold his line at Dalton, and repulse any advance that could be made by General Sherman; and so strong and universal was this belief, that it amounted to faith in the results of the campaign then about to be commenced. The popular mind indulged the belief that the commencement of military operations on the line at Dalton would force the Federal army out of Georgia, and that the contending forces would struggle for the possession of Tennessee, with her great and abundant resources. The success of the campaign, which, in the popular mind, was to realize these expectations, was not doubted. Implicit confidence in the skill, strategy and resources of General Johnston, and

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admiration for his army, made the people look forward with pride to the day when he would move his columns of veteran soldiers, facing northward for the expulsion of the enemy from Georgia, and the successful redemption of Tennessee. The credulity of the public mind imposed on itself these extravagant hopes, without the opportunities or patience to investigate and properly estimate the resources at the command of General Johnston, and the magnitude of the operations which were to achieve such results.

In May, 1864, General Sherman opened the campaign and turned Johnston's flank through Snake Creek Gap, which compelled him to abandon the line at Dalton and retreat; and, without attempting a narration of the movements of either army, it is sufficient to say that General Sherman vigorously prosecuted his offensive flanking movements, to the right or left, as the topography of the country required, with each move forcing General Johnston to abandon his lines and retreat to new ones, until the Army of Tennessee was driven out of the mountains of Georgia and to the south bank of the Chattahoochee, in the immediate vicinity of Atlanta, where he was, on the 18th of July, relieved of the command of the army, and General Hood appointed his successor.

General Hood at once commenced offensive operations. July 20th, at Peach Tree creek, he assaulted the fortified lines of General Thomas with Stewart's corps, and was repulsed with considerable loss in officers, men and colors. Hood had intended to make this assault with the corps of Hardee and Stewart, and drive Thomas to the Chattahoochee, with the Peach Tree creek in his rear, and destroy his army, but Hardee failed to obey his orders to engage vigorously the enemy in his front, and the consequence was a complete failure to dislodge the enemy and accomplish the purpose of the assault. On the night of the following day Hood abandoned his lines, marched his troops within the fortified lines of Atlanta, with the exception of Hardee's corps, which was moved through Atlanta, on the right, with instructions to turn the left of Sherman's army, in the neighborhood of Decatur, and engage the enemy with desperation, which resulted in the battle of July 22d. This battle was fought with unquestioned valor, but was not productive of the results which Hood had anticipated. The army occupied the entrenched lines around Atlanta, and, July the 28th, fought the battle at Ezra Church. August 25th, Sherman moved his army to the right and turned Hood's left, threatening the destruction of his only line of communication with the interior, and this compelled Hood to move Hardee's corps

to Jonesboro, followed by Lee's corps, to dispute Sherman's crossing of Flint river, and cover his line of communications south of Atlanta. This movement resulted in the battle of Jonesboro and the immediate evacuation of Atlanta, which was occupied by Stewart's corps. The evacuation of Atlanta was precipitate; and at night as Stewart's corps marched through the city, trains of cars laden with ordnance stores on the only railroad which was operated during the investment, had not been moved, and were fired. This conflagration and explosion of all kinds of fixed ammunition, lighted up the skies, and must have been seen by the Federals, and while it was grand to look upon, it was believed at the time that it would apprise the enemy of the hurried evacuation of the city, and endanger this column of troops, as it marched east of and to the front of Sherman with its flank exposed, one entire day.

Hood's army, after the evacuation of Atlanta, was encamped about Lovejoy, a station on the railroad from Atlanta to Macon.

The campaign had been most disastrous. The army under Johnston, and then Hood, had failed to meet the high hopes and expectations of the people. Instead of regaining territory lost in preceding campaigns, additional and valuable territory had been yielded to the victorious army of Sherman. The great State of Georgia was at the mercy of the invading and conquering army, with its chief inland city in the possession of the enemy. Organized armed resistance had failed to arrest the devastating advance of Sherman. The trained and disciplined veterans of the Army of Tennessee, under the command of able and distinguished generals, with a valor that will ever elicit the admiration alike of friend and foe, had in vain endeavored to withstand the onward and triumphant march of the enemy. Theorists who maintained the proposition that this invading army, operating in a hostile country, with a long line of communications to its base of operations, imperiled its existence, and was, in a measure, at the mercy of a courageous and alert commander of a smaller army held compactly in hand, now beheld with amazement the audacity of Sherman, who occupied Atlanta, and quartered his great army in and about it, resting from the fatigues and hardships of the campaign.

General Hood was now confronted with a difficult problem to solve. His army could boast of no substantial advantage gained at any time during this campaign. Although no great pitched battle, with all of his troops engaged, had been fought, it was, nevertheless, apparent that there had been a constant failure during the campaign.

to catch Sherman unawares and destroy any of the corps of his army. If the character of the country over which the army had retreated from Dalton to Lovejoy was such that no line could be held, or successful defense made, then how could he reasonably expect to withstand Sherman in the level country south of Atlanta? Hood was an undaunted soldier and courageous general. Inactivity was not for a moment entertained. He was a man of high resolve and determined purpose. Difficulties were not overestimated by him, for he firmly believed that he could master and overcome them. He solved problems that appealed to cool judgment and high intelligence, in efforts that called into action the endurance of his army and the life-blood of his soldiers. General Hood, in his communications with the authorities at Richmond, asked that re-inforcements be sent him. And, to impress the authorities with the necessity of his request, he had General Hardee telegraph President Davis that unless re-inforced both Georgia and Alabama would be overrun; and that he could see no other means of arresting this calamity.* The President replied that the necessity was realized, and every effort made to bring forward reserves, militia, and detailed men for the purpose; and that Polk, Maney, S. D. Lee and Jones had been drawn on to the full extent; that E. K. Smith had been called on, which was the only resource that remained.

Sherman, in the meantime, was resting his troops in and around Atlanta, gathering and storing supplies, which indicated the belief that Atlanta would be his secondary base for movements in a southward direction. His army resting around Atlanta, overawed and discouraged Georgia; and the cruel and oppressive terms he imposed on the non-combatant population of Atlanta made indeed his presence a calamity.

On the 17th of September, 1864, General Sherman addressed a communication to General Hood in which he said, "I have deemed it to the interests of the United States that the citizens now residing in Atlanta should remove, those who prefer it to go South, and the rest North," and requested that General Hood make the necessary arrangements to receive within his lines those who preferred to go South, and that a truce be agreed on in the neighborhood of Rough-and-Ready for this purpose. Hood replied with energy; protested and denounced the enforcement of this order. Mayor Calhoun made a written appeal to General Sherman to reconsider the order expelling the women and children from Atlanta. This obdurate soldier

* Advance and Retreat, p. 245.

resolutely adhered to the purpose announced in his order, and proceeded forthwith to have it executed.

While this correspondence was being carried on between these two army commanders, General Hood, on the 8th of September, addressed General Sherman a letter, in which he proposed an exchange of prisoners captured in the recent campaign, which was consented to, and the terms agreed on. On the 12th of September, Generals Hood and Sherman agreed upon an armistice at Rough-and-Ready, a station on the railroad between Atlanta and Lovejoy, to continue ten days. The purpose of this was of a two-fold character: first, the exchange of prisoners of war captured by either army in its recent operations; and, second, to receive the non-combatant population of Atlanta, who had been ordered by General Sherman to leave. The non-combatants thus ordered to leave were given the privilege of electing to go either North or South, and those who elected to go South were escorted by the Federal military authorities to Rough-and-Ready and delivered to Major Clare, the officer assigned to duty as the representative of the Army of Tennessee, and charged with the execution of the stipulations of the armistice. Large numbers of non-combatants, chiefly women and children, with a few men under the infirmities of age, were delivered to Major Clare and sent South within the Confederate lines, and two thousand prisoners were exchanged.

During this time, General Hood had matured in his mind the plan of his future operations. He resolved to march to the rear of Sherman, destroy his railroad communications with Chattanooga, compel him to abandon Atlanta, and follow him into northern Georgia, and, if a favorable opportunity presented, to bring on a general engagement. This plan necessitated a change of base, and the northern terminus of the railroad which ran from Selma, through Talladega, to Blue Mountain, in Alabama, was selected. The prisoners at Andersonville were removed, and the solicitude which Hood felt because of this was ended.

The authorities at Richmond were duly informed of this plan of military operations, and in this connection it is a little singular to remark, that General Hood, on the 4th of September, requested General Hardee to telegraph President Davis, because of the high regard which the President entertained for him, urging that reinforcements be sent Hood, and that on the 8th of September, four days later, General Hood telegraphed the President, and requested General Taylor be ordered to relieve General Hardee,* and again,

* Advance and Retreat, 249.

on the 13th of September, General Hood telegraphed President Davis, requesting the immediate removal of General Hardee; charged Hardee with the failure of the battles of July 20th, 22d, and August 31st; requested another corps commanded, and suggested either Taylor or Cheatham; and requested, further, that the President confer with Generals Stewart and S. D. Lee.

General M. L. Smith, chief engineer, was instructed to fortify Macon, Columbus and Augusta; the chief commissary was directed to remove all supplies to the West Point railroad. Colonel Pressman, of the engineer corps, was ordered to hold in readiness the pontoon train, with a sufficient number of boats to answer the requirements of any emergencies; and General Wheeler, with his corps of cavalry, was ordered to return from Tennessee; and all necessary orders for the preparation of trains to accompany the troops on the proposed march were issued; and the troops were thoroughly inspected and reviewed by general officers. On Sunday, the 18th day of September, 1864, General Hood broke camp at Lovejoy, and marched his army beyond, and a few miles to the north of Newnan, and established army headquarters at Palmetto, a station on the Atlanta and West Point railroad. Lines of field-works were constructed of such dimensions as to indicate that it was the purpose of the commander to establish an intrenched camp.

President Davis, accompanied by General Howell Cobb, and a couple of staff officers, arrived at army headquarters on the afternoon of the 25th of September. President Davis had delivered a speech at Macon, only a few days before his arrival at Palmetto, in which he intimated that the Army of Tennessee would at once commence active offensive operations, and drive the Federal troops from Georgia. At army headquarters, the President held conferences with corps commanders, and made inquiries as to the condition of the army, the temper of the troops, their discipline, courage and endurance, the causes of dissatisfaction expressed by the people of Georgia, at the repeated defeats of the army in the various battles fought in and around Atlanta, and whether General Hood had received the cordial co-operation of his general officers in the execution of his matured plans of military operations.

On the 26th of September, the President reviewed the army, and for the last time faced the long lines of his veteran soldiers, who had borne their regimental colors in the conflict of great battles, with valor and devotion. He was received with no demonstrations, but

with that quiet courtesy due him; and it can be safely said, that General Hood is in error, when he says that he was treated with rudeness, or positive indifference. The boisterous enthusiasm of the raw recruit in the presence of a high official, at a grand review, had disappeared, and the disciplined soldiers, as they then stood before him, inured to hardships and accustomed to face the perils of constantly recurring engagements with the enemy, promptly, readily and cheerfully saluted him as the Commander-in-chief of the Confederate Armies. This was the last grand review of the Army of Tennessee, and the appearance and equipments of the soldiers presented in the dressed lines of the several corps organizations, gave no indication that there was any demoralization in the ranks, or that they had been, or would prove unreliable, when ordered into action. The losses sustained in the campaign from Dalton to Jonesboro, both in officers and men who had fallen in the line of duty on the field of action, were apparent. The army under Hood had received no re-inforcements; and none could now be furnished from other commands. All available troops, to re-inforce the Army of Tennessee, had been furnished General Johnston in the early stages of the campaign, and the effectives in the several commands had been reduced by continuous service.

President Davis says, in writing of this contemplated movement of General Hood to the rear of Sherman, and the results to be attained, that his "first object was to fill the depleted ranks of the army, to bring the absentees and deserters back to the ranks, and to induce the Governor and State officials to co-operate heartily with the Confederate Government in all measures that might be found necessary to give the proposed movement a reasonable prospect of success."^{*}

President Davis, on the afternoon of the 27th of September, left Palmetto for Augusta. On the 28th of September the order of the President was promulgated to the army, which relieved Lieutenant-General Hardee from duty with the Army of Tennessee, and assigned him to the command of the department of South Carolina and Florida; and on the same day, the President addressed a letter from Opelika, Alabama, to General Hood, in which he informed him that he would confer with General Beauregard, and, if acceptable to him, would assign him to the command of the department embracing the Army of Tennessee, and that of General R. Taylor, with the view of securing the fullest co-operation of the troops, without relieving either of

^{*} Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government, Vol. II, 565.

the responsibilities and powers of their special commands, "except in so far as would be due to the superior rank and the above assignment of General Beauregard;" and, also, instructing him to proceed "as though no modification of existing organization was contemplated."*

On the 3d of October, President Davis and General Beauregard held a conference at Augusta, and the President gave "an interesting and minute account of his recent visit to General Hood's headquarters, at Palmetto;"† and explained Hood's contemplated movement on the flank of Sherman. This plan of operations was favored by General Beauregard, and he was assigned to the command indicated in the letter of the President to General Hood, of September 28th. In this conference, the President remarked that Governor Brown "did not give the government a cordial support, and was ever ready to throw obstacles in the way of procuring recruits, conscripts, and even supplies of provisions and manufactured goods;" and that General Cobb was embarrassed in the administration of military affairs in his district, and that there was a want of harmony in the official relations between him and Governor Brown. General Beauregard offered to call on Governor Brown on his way to join Hood's army, and do all in his power toward accomplishing the wishes of the President.‡

The President concluded this conference, and on the night of the 3d of October, departed for Richmond; and on the following day General Beauregard left to join the Army of Tennessee. At Opelika, General Beauregard telegraphed the President, under the date of October 7th, that he had satisfactorily arranged all matters between General Cobb and Governor Brown. General Cheatham was assigned to the command of Hardee's corps. The three corps of infantry which constituted the Army of Tennessee, were commanded by Lieutenant-Generals A. P. Stewart and S. D. Lee, and Major-General B. F. Cheatham, with three battalions of artillery to each corps; and the corps of cavalry, which was a remarkably fine organization, under the command of Major-General Joseph H. Wheeler.

D. W. SANDERS,

Adj't-General, French's Division.

* *Advance and Retreat.* 255.

† General Beauregard, by Alfred Roman, Vol. II, 277.

‡ General Beauregard, Vol. II, pp. 279, 280.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

CAPTURE OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI, BY PRICE'S ARMY.



FROM the battle-field of Wilson's Creek the flight of the Federals left the Confederates exultant; but victory brought discord into the councils of their chiefs. For some reason, Price and McCulloch could not agree upon the next step to be taken, and so each leader went his own way. McCulloch withdrew to Arkansas, while Price determined single-handed to follow up his advantage and go to seek the foe. From the beginning of this aggressive move his leading object seems to have been to get possession of Lexington. Actuated by the double motive of keeping up the hearts of his citizen soldiery, and of enabling the guerrilla bands north of the Missouri to join him, he aimed at that point which, if taken, would best answer his purpose. No doubt McCulloch thought that the citizen chief was about to rush into the lion's mouth, and that his mob like army would soon scatter before the attack of an enemy more numerous and better equipped. But Price seems to have relied, not so much upon West Point tactics as on moral causes. He felt that the report of the Wilson Creek fight would raise a new army, if he but flung his banner to the breeze and marched through the land. And the official reports of the Federals show that he did not, at least, misjudge the state of public opinion, for, close upon the announcement of the defeat of Lyons and Siegel, dispatches from various points informed Fremont at St. Louis that the secession element was rising. But, above all, the Missouri leader was one of those men who, impelled by a lofty patriotism, dared to tread in the straight and narrow path of duty, not counting the cost. He heard the cries of his people driven from their desolated homes, and suffering all the horrors of internecine war. He could not refuse to go to their assistance, and he resolved to attempt it, even if he had to share their fate.

At this time the organized forces of the Federals within the State numbered fully 25,000, and new regiments were daily arriving. Knowing this, some time in the latter part of August, Price, with his force now reduced to about 5,000, took up the line of march toward the Missouri. As his banners, now battle-scarred and associated with victory, were seen advancing, recruits flocked in, and, like a moving ball of snow, the further his army went the more it grew. While on the march, word was brought that Lane, of Kansas notoriety, with a

considerable force, was strongly posted at Fort Scott, near the Missouri border. Unwilling to leave him in a position to annoy his rear, Price turned aside to beat him off. He was soon found, twelve miles east of Fort Scott, and after a sharp fight forced to flee. Before the Confederates reached Fort Scott it was abandoned by the foe.

The day after the fight, Lane writes from Fort Lincoln to his superior officer at Fort Leavenworth:

"September 3.—I left my cavalry to amuse the enemy until we could establish ourselves here and remove our good stores from Fort Scott. I am compelled to make a stand here or give up Kansas to disgrace and destruction. If you do not hear from me again, you can understand I am surrounded by a superior force."

Fremont seemed to be aware that Price's object was Lexington, and confidently hoped that Lane would annoy his rear. But that distinguished burner of villages was of opinion that Price was trying to cut *him* off, and was guarding his own rear. Price was after "bigger game." While Lane was straining his eyes over the "smooth prairie" to catch sight of the shot-gun cavalry, Price was far away, moving by forced marches on Lexington. The infantry were worn out from want of food, and hard marching; so he pushed ahead with his mounted men to anticipate the enemy.

On reaching the suburbs, he made an attack upon the out-posts, and, after a sharp fight, forced Mulligan to withdraw inside of his intrenchments on College Hill. For a garrison, the latter had the Irish brigade, a regiment of cavalry and a body of the home-guard, in all amounting to 3,500 men.

The college grounds, embracing an area of about fifteen acres, were surrounded with breast-works. They lay north of the main portion of the town, and so near the river on the western side as to create the hope in Mulligan that with his guns he could command the boat-landing at the foot of the hill. From this quarter he expected re-inforcements, and obtained his chief water supply.

Upon the arrival of large re-inforcements, Price determined to surround the town and take it by siege.

Everything being ready, on the morning of the 18th, the Missouri army moved out to the final attack, and took position as follows:

On the east and north-eastern sides was posted Rain's division with Bledsoe's and Churchill Clarke's batteries, three guns each, supported by a portion of General Steel's command; on the south-west quarter, Parson's and Congreve Jackson's divisions, with Guibor's

battery; the western side, between the bluffs and the river shore, was occupied after slight skirmishing by Slack's division, under Colonel Rives, and the commands of McBride and Harris and Green. The last two mentioned officers had but recently crossed the river with their commands, and deserve more than passing mention.

Some time in the month of June, when northern Missouri was threatened with hordes of border ruffians, as well as enlisted troops of the Federal Government, and when, indeed, many places had already been seized by the Unionists, Thomas A. Harris was commissioned a brigadier-general by Governor Jackson, and authorized to enlist troops for the defense of north Missouri. At a public meeting in Paris, he publicly took the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and made an appeal to the citizens to organize for mutual protection. A company was immediately raised, but before it could be armed or equipped, word came that a strong Federal force was approaching. The "rebels" at once dispersed, and General Price retired for safety to Salt river knobs. Here, at Camp Hoke, he established headquarters, and found himself at the head of an army of three. Their names were Brent, Vowells and Pitman. Though without any of the sinews of war, from this center, by means of runners, he set to work to organize, in all the northern counties, local bands, or minute-men. They were to be ready to assemble at a moment's notice, and move to points designated by the general in command. In this way, his forces, though a combative entity, were practically inaccessible to attack. One day they were heard of as assailing a certain point. Federal troops were hurried thither to find the foe vanished into thin air, but to re-appear on the following day at some other and distant place. The north Missourians were armed chiefly with shot-guns. Their first and only piece of artillery was cast in Hannibal City, Missouri, and mounted on wagon wheels. For this they had no fixed ammunition, and fired from it, chiefly, pieces of log-chains. The worthlessness of the gun may be gathered from the following: At the battle of Lexington, the officer in charge of it was told to batter down a house. After firing several rounds he withdrew in disgust, saying that he "couldn't hit the — thing."

This method of warfare, though effecting no signal victory, kept the Federals active, and so alarmed Fremont that many of the troops intended to re-inforce Lyon were halted to suppress the guerrilla bands of Harris. The latter was efficiently aided by an irregular force under Colonel Martin Green, whose daring raids on the north-

ern border sometimes excited apprehension in the sequestered towns of western Illinois.

The efficiency of the system adopted by Harris may be inferred from the rapidity with which the local bands were united to take part in the movement on Lexington. In obedience to the command of his chief, Harris speedily gathered a force of 5,000 men, crossed the river and formed a junction with the main body. At Glasgow he captured a steamboat and ferried his infantry across, having sent his cavalry and wagon-trains by another route. They reached the river at Arrow Rock, and swam over, *taking the wagons with them*. Harris not only brought men, but *powder* for Price's army. This was obtained from Hannibal in the following manner: Parties entered the town at various times to purchase groceries. In their wagons jugs of powder, the stoppers daubed with molasses, were packed among other purchases, and brought out. Thus, little by little, ammunition was procured for Price's army and safely delivered at Lexington.

The works of Mulligan being surrounded, skirmishers were sent to annoy the besieged with a constant and deadly fire, while batteries from three quarters threw missiles into their midst. Though encompassed by a greatly superior force, Mulligan was undismayed, and fought with skill and courage. His Irish brigade sustained the reputation of their race for unflinching valor, and for more than forty hours met every assault with dauntless spirit.

The vulnerable point of the defense proved, as usual, to be there where it was deemed the strongest. Here upon bold bluffs, with a slope reaching to the river's edge, cannon were placed to command the ferry. Under their protection lay moored boats, some of which were waiting to bring over the expected force of Sturgiss. It reached there 1,100 strong, but failed to cross because the boats were seized on the 18th by a part of the Fourth Division under Colonel Rives.* Just as this was accomplished, an artillery fire was opened upon them from the Anderson House, situated on the summit of the bluffs. This was quickly responded to by a charge from portions of Harris' and Slack's divisions. In the face of a galling fire, they reached the house and took possession of it. It was shortly retaken by a part of the Irish brigade, who in turn were finally driven off by a second rush of the Missourians, in whose hands the position now remained, with the bluffs adjoining. The attack was now kept up unceasingly from all sides.

The state of the besieged is revealed by the following extracts

*Bevier's Missouri Brigade.

from the diary of Lieutenant McClure, one of Mulligan's men, first published in the *St. Louis Democrat*, September, 1861.

"September 18.—They have many sharp-shooters who have placed themselves around in convenient places—some in trees, others behind stumps and logs, and from their secure positions keep constantly firing on us. Three of these scoundrels are placed on our track, and have been firing at us since three o'clock yesterday. We have fired at them, but firing at random does not affect them. Ha! that makes me start. He sent a bullet just passed my cheek."

Says an eye-witness:

"An old Texan, dressed in buckskin, and armed with a long rifle, used to go up to the works every morning about seven o'clock, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. Taking a good position, he banged away at the Federals till noon, then rested an hour, at his dinner, after which he resumed operations till six P. M., when he returned home to supper and a night's sleep. The next day a little before seven saw him, dinner and rifle in hand, trudging up street to begin again his regular day's work."

This may be a true picture of the part taken by volunteers from the neighboring farms, but the reports of Price and Harris show that there was no going home to sleep for the regular troops, and a short time for eating dinner. On Harris' side particularly, there was tireless watching to cut off the water details. The Confederates remained in their positions for forty-eight consecutive hours "without comparatively either food, water, or blankets." A few light showers served to fill an occasional hole with water, and this was chiefly Mulligan's source of water supply. The want of it would ultimately have forced a surrender, but the Confederates could not afford to wait for the operation of so slow a process. The Federals were making extraordinary efforts to relieve the place, and it was necessary for the besiegers to bring matters to a speedy conclusion. This was brought about by a novel device, the credit for which is claimed by Harris and not denied by Price, in their reports. Bales of hemp were obtained from a wharf-boat near by, and converted into portable breast-works on the bluffs in front of Harris', McBride's and Green's commands. Behind these a line of riflemen slowly advanced, delivering heavy volleys. Mulligan perceiving the danger from this quarter, made several daring attempts to drive off his assailants, but without success. On rolled the fateful hempen bales, blazing with the fire of unerring rifles. Mulligan, after desperate efforts to repel the assault, and seeing no prospect of the relief, finally, on the 20th, at 2 o'clock, raised the white flag and surrendered.

The fruits of the victory were 3,500 prisoners, three pieces of artillery, two mortars, 750 horses, a large quantity of commissary

stores, and \$900,000 in money, which had been taken from the bank at Lexington.*

The prisoners were released upon parole except Mulligan, who declined the offered terms upon the ground that his government did not recognize the Confederates as belligerents.*

The *personnel* of Price's men is thus described by the Federal eyewitness quoted above, in a letter to the *Missouri Republican*:

"Scarcely a hundred of all the Confederate troops were uniformed; scarcely two had guns alike—no two exhibited the same trappings. Here went one fellow in a shirt of brilliant green, on his side an immense cavalry saber, in his belt two navy revolvers and a bowie-knife, and slung from his shoulder a Sharp's rifle. Right by his side was another, upon whose hip dangled a light medical sword, in his hand a double-barreled shot-gun, in his boot an immense sythe, on his heel the inevitable spur—his whole appearance, from tattered boot, through which gazed audaciously his toes, indicating that the plunderings of many a different locality made up his whole."

The losses on both sides were comparatively small. Price states that his whole loss was twenty-five killed and seventy-two wounded, while that of Mulligan is estimated, by his own men, at about one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, though there is no official statement to this effect.

The Confederate loss was, for the most part, in Harris' division, on whose front the successful charge was made. He reports a loss of fifty-five killed and wounded.

W. N. M.

[For the BIVOUC.]

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER IV.



AND it was finally decided to send — South under military escort, to be safely delivered within Confederate lines, and I will add "en passant" that the word "safely" was the "*saving* clause." If found within the Union lines again they were to be dealt with as spies.

The citizens of the town were justly indignant, and especially so, as no time was given the prisoners for correspondence with absent friends, for arranging business matters for providing for their families during the enforced exile. From noon on one day till *seven o'clock* the next morning, was the specified "order" for making ready. An escort of twenty-seven mounted men was the

*Price's report.

formidable force to undertake this delicate duty. It was, however, augmented by a volunteer, whose appearance I shall never forget.

He was a gigantic fellow, with rough beard, and Mahomet-like eyebrows, the veins above which threatened to burst, whenever he recalled the fact that the "Secesh" had "tuck his hosses, killed his pigs, ruined his corn, and jist used him up—dam 'um." His comfort lay in the thought that he had "seed with *his own* eyes, old Terry go up the spout."

His pantaloons were long in the waist, tight in the legs, and stuck to him in spots like adhesive plaster. The weather was hot, and he wore no vest. His shirt was *dusty*, and liberally besprinkled with "terbaccar" juice, as everything else was, in danger of being, when he commenced to *chew*—the cud of better memories.

His linen duster was *dirty*, though well soaked with sweat across the shoulders. Under it you could see pistols protruding by the half dozen, and his frequent glances in their direction was a constant reminder of their presence. He had a way of swinging or slinging his arms which made you painfully uncertain where they might strike.

Punctually at seven o'clock the "escort" appeared, and the prisoners were *ordered* to the square. I smile now as I think of the anomalous sight! They were permitted to take what could be carried in one wagon. You may be sure it was well loaded—as much as two stout mules could draw. A negro driver, and two female servants who *chose* to go, completed the contents. The old black woman declared she would "stay by that stuff, let 'um see if she wouldn't!"

The captain of the guard was very complacent and courteous *before* starting, declaring that the prisoners "might rest five minutes in every hour, and so give the wagon time to keep up."

The gentlemen were won over by this pleasant proposal, into thinking him "a fine sort of fellow."

Not so the lady, she could see villainy written all over his face—a sardonic face. The *demonstrations* at parting were a test of his true feelings. They put him in a bad humor, which stuck to him like the poisoned vest of Hercules.

At about eight the column moved from town. The heat was oppressive, the dust was dense, and the unfortunate prisoners received it from the front, the rear, and the middle. On and on in silence they traveled, a silence unbroken by talk, save that now and then, as a house appeared, the tired and excited children would ask, "Pa, is *that* Dixie?"

At noon a halt was called for the *first time*. The captain was

hungry, and not timid in making his wishes known. The hostess, thinking, "Discretion the better part of valor," offered him the best in her lunch-basket. He ate heartily without "returning thanks." The meal was served in a shoe-shop on the roadside—as unpoetic a place as one would wish to see.

The dinner dispatched the party was ordered on. By this time the heat was so overpowering that all were glad when the rain began to fall. It came down furiously at first, and then continuously until near nightfall. The mother and children, in summer clothing, were thoroughly wet, for all their wraps were in the wagon, *which had not yet come up*, nor had *any* rest been given.

When the dusk was deepening into darkness the cavalcade was halted at an humble house not far from —.

All dismounted, and the soldiers, in their way, soon made themselves at home. The orderly sergeant, a rough, but kind man, gathered some sticks, and made a fire, by which the prisoners (one an old and feeble man), tried to dry their clothing. The captain took the best place, looking more than ever like a satyr. The room was too small for "Pistols," so he *ruminated* on his lost cattle, and seeing "old Terry go up the spout." I think his Scythian soul would have been satisfied if he had only obtained the general's skull for a drinking-cup. The inmates of the cabin were three women and some children. The frightened females evidently took the entire company for Yankees. It was equally evident that the captain desired this impression to remain. So believing, the lady asked permission to cross into the other room where supper was preparing, that she might have the benefit of the better fire. This request was sullenly granted. He had no right to refuse, as she was not a prisoner. She soon gave the women to understand how the case stood.

At supper—a really good meal—it so chanced that the prisoners were served first. Seeing this the captain said, "*I'll* take some coffee, though you *hav'n't asked me*, I expect to pay you for everything I eat."

The repast concluded, the party went back into the darkness of the other room, when the captain suggested to the lady that she ask for a candle. "O!" replied she, "I have a box full in the wagon—it must be here before long; in the meantime *I* do not feel afraid with so many soldiers around."

Finally, a light was struck, and he called for any letters in our possession written to Southern soldiers. These he had magnanimously *refused* before starting. Some were handed over, and others were burned.

We mounted a ladder to our sleeping-place, our uncertain steps guided by the light of other days, viz: a big gourd, with a cotton strip for a wick, and a quantity of strong grease for oil. We were thankful for this, and enjoyed a sense of security, unfelt in the presence of kerosene.

Safely landed above, the time was devoted to *thinking* and the conclusion was that the danger did not lie in the lamp, but in the men below. The conviction grew that mischief was meditated. This conviction was intensified from the earnest talking which we heard from below through the open stairway, talking as of some one *expositulating*.

The lady quietly made her way back, and saw the lieutenant, a pleasant, polite officer, with her carpet-bag, from which he was removing a lady's pistol. This had been reported and inspected before leaving, and she had permission to retain it. Of this, she reminded him. He apologized, saying, "I know it is wrong, and dislike the duty devolved upon me, but my orders are imperative, the captain says he will return it at the river." Suffice it to say, she never saw the pistol again. The lieutenant added, "he is either drinking, or he has received bad news—something is the matter."

Little sleep was indulged, and all were ready for an early breakfast. The captain was facetious in his morning salutations, and inquired, "Madam, were you alarmed last night?" "O! no, captain, after the long, rough ride, I slept sweetly; but what happened to excite your alarm?"

"Why, didn't you hear the firing?"

"Firing! when, and by *whom*?"

"About two o'clock by the pickets. They heard some one walking and they called, 'halt!' No halt was made, and they fired!"

"Indeed! captain, who had the hardihood to approach within range of your valorous pickets?"

"It was—(with a prolonged pause) an—old sow!"

At this intended witty effusion his followers made the cabin *ring*, and "Pistols" grinned horribly, as he thought of his slaughtered swine.

In the first lull of the applause, seeing that some reply was expected, the lady rejoined: "I suggest, captain, that that old sow, be arrested immediately and sent South under a proper escort, and safely delivered within Confederate lines: from what you tell us, the people there are in need of such supplies."

[For the BIVOUAC.]

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.



ON the night of May 11, 1864, Lee had withdrawn his forces from a salient point called "The Horseshoe," in consequence of a retrograde or flank movement of the enemy opposite that point. A battery of artillery consisting of four companies, which was to have occupied that point, was removed some two miles back. At early dawn, word was brought that Grant's forces had again advanced, and the artillery was ordered to return with all speed. Faster and faster they advanced until they reached the top of the hill in the very toe of the horseshoe, to find themselves in the jaws of the enemy. It fell to the lot of a non-commissioned officer of Captain W. P. Carter's battery to prepare the ammunition. He first cut the fuse for one second's time. After preparing several shells and receiving no word from his general, he made ready double charges of canister, knowing the enemy to be close at hand. Still nobody came for the ammunition. He observed next that the drivers of the limber-chest had dismounted and left their horses, and the horses being without a driver, backed the wheels of the limber over the ammunition. To prevent damage, he seized the off-leader by the bridle and turred them back to a front position. While doing this he distinctly heard the minie-balls crashing through the bones of the horses. They did not fall at once, however, and he had just gotten them to a front position, when a forcible blow upon the right shoulder made by the enemy's color-bearer with the point of his staff, showed him that they were upon him. There was no time to say "Good morning," so he beat a hasty retreat around his limber, "*sauve que peut*." He had scarcely commenced to run when he felt a heavy blow about the middle of his back. His thought was, "Can that color-bearer have repeated his blow, or am I struck by a ball, which has deadened the sense of feeling." There being no flow of blood, however, he concluded he was not much hurt. After a run of forty yards he came to the dry bed of a stream between two hills. Here he paused to reconnoiter. The morning fog and the smoke of battle obscured the view, except close to the ground. Crouching on all-fours, he peered below the cloud of smoke toward the crest of the hill where the battery was. He soon saw that the case was hopeless, and the battery in possession of the enemy. Looking to the left, he read in the

anxious countenance of an aid-de-camp on horse back that matters at that point were in a desperate case. Running up the bed of the stream he reached the shelter of the woods on his left. So far he had run parallel to the line of battle. When well in the woods, turning at right angles it *seemed* that he had made his escape. Meeting just then with an officer of the battery (the only one who escaped) and several comrades, a brief consultation was held, suddenly cut short by a continuous roar of musketry in the rear and near the heel of the horseshoe, showing that the party were in danger of being enclosed and cut off within the circle. The consultation was summarily ended and flight again resumed. This time they ran well out of the horseshoe and out of danger, stopping not until they met Lee's re-inforcements going to the front. Here, from a point of safety they could hear war holding high revelry in the bottom below. Now, for the first time the soldier took occasion to examine his knapsack. A minie-ball had entered the lower part, passing through sixteen folds of tent cloth, many folds of a blanket, riddling several articles of underwear, and finally burying itself in a small Bible. Such was its force that not a leaf from Revelations to Genesis remained without impress of the ball, and half the leaves were actually penetrated.

Just at this time he was overjoyed to see his brother (about whom he had been painfully anxious) returning to the rear with a company of the Richmond Howitzers, who, having spent all their ammunition, came to replenish their chests. This young man had been color-bearer for the company, and when the battery first reached the hill, had turned to the woods on his left, to tie his horse. Hearing a wild yell which he supposed to be the battle-cry of the Confederates, he joined lustily in the shout and rushed forward bearing his colors. The fog and smoke concealing from him the true state of affairs, it was a terrible shock to see, suddenly, the enemy's colors floating from the battery. Realizing for the first time that all was lost, he hastily lowered his flag between the chests of a caisson, and tearing off the colors thrust them into his bosom, throwing the staff away. He then ran into the woods and up the lines, where he came upon a company of the Richmond Howitzers, and served with them until their ammunition was exhausted.

A remarkable circumstance connected with the above incident, was the fact that during the confusion and haste following the order for the hasty march, the brothers lost sight of each other, and the elder (who bore the flag) was compelled to gallop to the front, leaving the tent-cloth and blankets which usually were included in the

roll behind the saddle, to be carried in the other's knapsack. The first thought of the younger was impatience at the unusual burden he had to carry into battle, but reflection brought with it a feeling (perhaps a premonition), "It is all right, and may be the means of saving my life." In less than half an hour it had proved indeed a blessing in disguise.

The owner of the Bible, *then* a youth of nineteen, *now* a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, cherishes the book and the minie-ball, not only as a memento of the war, but with feelings of deepest gratitude, which find appropriate expression in the consecration of his life to Him who "protected his head in the day of battle." It is his earnest hope that he may, by the blessing of God, so expound the teachings of that blessed Book as to make it a means of salvation to many souls.

F. A. B.

WOODVILLE, Miss., September 20, 1884.

THIRD REUNION OF THE KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Ky., September 19, 1884.

At the Third Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, the meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock A. M., at the court-house, by Lieutenant-Colonel Hervey McDowell, president of the Association, and prayer was offered by Brigade Chaplain Professor Joseph Desha Pickett.

Upon motion, and second, the following were appointed secretaries for their respective regiments, and requested to take a list of members present, viz:

Captain W. E. Bell, Second Kentucky; Captain John H. Weller, Fourth Kentucky; Captain Thomas J. Henry, Fifth Kentucky; Thomas D. Osborne, Sixth Kentucky; Dr. W. J. Byrne, Ninth Kentucky; E. Polk Johnson, First Kentucky Cavalry.

On motion of General S. B. Buckner, and by unanimous vote of the Association, all Federal soldiers present were invited to register and participate in the ceremonies of the day, which was accepted by a number of Federal soldiers, whose names appear on the roll which follows.

Upon motion, and second, the following committee was appointed to select officers of the Association for the next year, and, also, the time and place for holding the Fourth Reunion, viz.:

Captain A. K. Lair, Second Kentucky; Colonel J. P. Nuckols, Fourth Kentucky; Captain T. J. Henry, Fifth Kentucky; Captain D. C. Walker, Sixth Kentucky; Colonel J. C. Wickliffe, Ninth Kentucky; E. Polk Johnson, First Kentucky Cavalry.

The following were appointed pall-bearers for the remains of General Ben Hardin Helm, viz. :

Major Thomas H. Hays, Captain Herr, Major John B. Pirtle, General Fayette Hewitt, John Sherley, E. Polk Johnson, James W. Smith, B. Frank Camp.

The meeting adjourned until 2 o'clock p. m., at which hour the meeting was called to order by Colonel McDowell, and the brigade was then formed by General Joseph H. Lewis, and marched to the residence of Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, where the remains of General Helm were taken charge of by the pall-bearers, and were accompanied by the brigade, Helm's First Kentucky Cavalry, and quite a number of ex-Federal soldiers and a great concourse of citizens, to Helm place, where the remains were deposited in the family burying-ground, near the foot of the handsome shaft erected to the memory of Governor Helm. Appropriate ceremonies were had at the grave, and then the ex-soldiers and citizens repaired to the woods near by, where appropriate remarks were made by Professor Pickett, Governor Knott, Generals Buckner and Lewis, and an interesting paper, on the relative strength of the Kentucky troops in the Confederate and Federal Armies, was read by Colonel J. P. Nuckols; after which the Association marched back to Elizabethtown, and visited the grave of Colonel Martin H. Cofer, in the cemetery near town. The parade was then dismissed, and the meeting adjourned to meet at 8 o'clock at the court-house.

At 8 o'clock p. m., the meeting was called to order by the president, Colonel McDowell, when the Committee on Organization, etc., made the following report, to-wit:

Your Committee, by unanimous vote, recommend that the next meeting of this organization be held on the third Wednesday in August, 1885, at Glasgow, Ky., and that Colonel J. W. Caldwell, of Russellville, be made President, and John A. Murray, of Glasgow, be made Secretary.

T. J. HENRY, Secretary.

J. P. NUCKOLS, Chairman.

Which report was adopted.

Upon motion, and second, the thanks of this Association are tendered the citizens of Elizabethtown for their generous hospitality displayed upon this occasion.

A letter was read by the secretary from Captain Ed. F. Spears, of Paris, Ky., regretting his inability to attend the Third Reunion, and tendering his best wishes to each of his old comrades present.

Captain John H. Weller, of Louisville, made an appeal in the interest of that splendid monthly, the *SOUTHERN BIVOUAC*.

Upon motion of Colonel E. Polk Johnson, the members of the First Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry (Helm's old regiment) were

unanimously admitted as a part of this organization, and all ex-Confederate soldiers in Kentucky are cordially invited to participate in our future reunions.

A communication was received from Colonel Bennett H. Young, President of the Southern Exposition, at Louisville, inviting this Association to attend the Exposition in a body at any day that might be convenient. The invitation was cordially accepted, and upon motion of Captain Weller, all who can attend are requested to meet at Confederate headquarters, in the Exposition building, on Saturday, the 20th inst.

Upon motion, and second, it appearing from information before the Association that a number of the graves of our comrades on the battle-field of Chickamauga, and other places in the South, are neglected, Lieutenant Willis L. Ringo, of Frankfort, Ky., is appointed chairman of a committee, to be selected by him, to raise means to secure, and properly protect the graves of our dead comrades in the South.

The Association then adjourned, to meet at Glasgow, the third Wednesday in August, 1885. HERVEY McDOWELL, President.

W. E. BELL, Secretary.

The following is the roll of members present at the Third Reunion of the First Kentucky Brigade, at Elizabethtown, September 19, 1884, and also a roll of visitors belonging to other commands, and Federal soldiers who participated in our meeting, viz.:

General Field and Staff.—General Jos. H. Lewis, General S. B. Buckner, Fayette Hewitt, Adjutant-General; Major Thomas H. Hays, Inspector General; Dr. Preston B. Scott, Surgeon; Dr. William J. Byrne, Surgeon; Lieutenant Wallace Herr, Aid-de-camp; Lieutenant John B. Pirtle, Aid-de-camp; Professor J. D. Pickett, Chaplain.

SECOND KENTUCKY.

Field and Staff.—Major Hervey McDowell.

Company "A."—Lieutenant Willis L. Ringo.

Company "B."—Lieutenant J. C. Griffith, N. W. Virden.

Company "C."—Frank W. Lane, Jack C. Hays, D. F. C. Weller, John A. Murray.

Company "E."—Phillip Uhrig, Lieutenant George B. Overton, S. D. Reed.

Company "F."—John T. Hogg.

Company "G."—E. T. Phillips.

Company "H."—Captain A. K. Lair, S. T. Rawlins, Charles Herbst.

Company "I."—Captain W. E. Bell, John H. Crain.

Company "K."—Captain Charles Sample, John W. Paff.

FOURTH KENTUCKY.

Field and Staff.—Colonel Joseph P. Nuckols, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Adair, Preston B. Scott, Surgeon; R. A. Thompson, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster; John B. Pirtle, Major and Assistant Provost-General.

Company "A."—George Dieffenbach.

Company "D."—Captain John H. Weller, John M. Herndon, William H. Lucas.

Company "E."—James W. Smith, William H. Sellers, Alfred Clark, Joseph Cole, William L. Jett.

Company "F."—A. J. Hall, George E. Johnson, Jesse Johnson.

Company "I."—Al. Smith, A. T. Kendall, Henry Kraft, Henry B. Rau.

Company "K."—Elisha Adams.

FIFTH KENTUCKY.

Company "B."—Captain W. T. B. South, Samuel South.

Company "C."—Captain T. J. Henry.

Company "E."—Lieutenant John W. Green.

Company "K."—Captain J. T. Gaines.

SIXTH KENTUCKY.

Field and Staff.—General Joseph H. Lewis, Major Thomas H. Hays, Adjutant Virgil Hewitt, Major J. F. Davis, Assistant Commissary Subsistence.

Company "A."—Captain Charles Dawson, Sergeant W. B. Spears, Sergeant John T. Craycroft, Corporal J. R. Nance, J. Y. Milton, W. H. Bemiss, Thomas D. Osborne, C. H. Casey.

Company "B."—Lieutenant W. H. Miller, Sergeant M. D. Seifres, Corporal A. M. Stith, William Watkins, S. H. Bush, C. A. Buford, M. S. Bennett, A. T. Storms, P. Thomas, L. Mudd, J. E. Brauman, A. W. Randolph, J. F. Lloyd, William Hentieu.

Company "C."—Lieutenant B. M. Stiffey, Sergeant J. A. Smith, J. W. Smith.

Company "D."—Captain H. J. Street, Lieutenant William Dickinson, W. H. Easters, Joseph Bell, Thomas C. Helm, W. F. Smith, W. H. Gilloch.

Company "E."—Captain T. Y. Page, Orderly Sergeant J. L. Stout, Sergeant John H. Vancy, Corporal T. W. Spillman, W. W. Franklin, H. P. Gilloch, J. O. Wilkerson.

Company "G."—T. H. Bowles.

Company "H."—Surgeon George W. Strickler, Sergeant H. B. Culley, Sergeant W. W. Warren, Jake Pittman, H. S. Harned, A. L. Harned, Jos. Lee, W. B. Hill.

Company "D."—Captain D. C. Walker, Lieutenant T. M. Goodnight, Sergeant W. H. Reed, Corporal A. Lawson, J. C. Bryan, J. S. Barlow.

NINTH KENTUCKY.

Field and Staff.—Colonel John W. Caldwell, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Wickliffe, Surgeon W. J. Byrne.

Company "A."—George R. Beall, George T. Price, R. B. Chastine, T. B. Small, W. T. Henry.

Company "B."—First Lieutenant Thomas H. Ellis, Second Lieutenant J. C. Applegate, Jasper Anderson, Norborne G. Gray, John S. Jackman, R. G. McCorkle, C. B. Rapier, George Prunty.

Company "C."—Captain Price Newman, J. L. Collins, Curg Reid.

Company "D."—A. Agnue, W. H. Whaley.

Company "G."—Lieutenant Edward Gregory, E. R. Pennington, Witseen Baird, W. W. Badger, John W. Evans.

Company "H."—Andy Wright, Thomas Stevens.

FIRST KENTUCKY CAVALRY.

Field and Staff.—Quartermaster John C. Sherley.

Company "A."—Captain W. J. Taylor, Orderly Sergeant J. H. Bozarth, W. T. Aull, J. D. Ewing.

Company "B."—Captain George W. Beckley, Lieutenant Joseph E. Vincent, Sergeant Wallace W. Herr, Sergeant B. Frank Camp, W. R. Abbott, W. F. Simpson, Sergeant E. Polk Johnson.

Company "C."—Sergeant John Herndon, W. H. Lucas, H. P. Smith.

Company "D."—Sergeant J. W. Smith, J. R. May.

Company "E."—Captain James W. Johnston, Elijah Basye, W. D. Jones.

Company "G."—Orderly Sergeant T. D. Ireland.

Company "H."—Lieutenant T. M. Barker.

LIST OF EX-CONFEDERATES PRESENT BELONGING TO OTHER COMMANDS.

David C. Hardin, Morgan's Squadron; Captain H. M. Middleton, Thirty-ninth Georgia Infantry; D. P. Bethel, Eighth Kentucky Mounted Infantry; Captain W. F. Bell, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; James Montgomery, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; J. D. Bennett, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; T. D. Luckett, Third Kentucky Cavalry; Major John B. Castleman, Second Kentucky Cavalry; James H. Bland, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; J. W. Mason, Byrne's Battery; H. C. Branham, Forrest's Cavalry; Wm. Wood, Fifth Texas, Hood's Brigade; Edward C. Colgan, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Oscar Thorp, Second Kentucky Battalion; Colonel T. G. Woodruff; C. K. Burnett, First Arkansas; F. M. Joplin, Second Virginia Cavalry; J. P. Lane, Hawesley's Battery; H. C. Hays, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; W. T. Vaughan, First Tennessee; R. S. Ward, Morgan's Squadron; E. Younger, Second Kentucky Cavalry; J. G. Booker, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Adam R. Hendrix, First Texas Regiment; E. Tilley, First Battalion Missouri Sharpshooters; Major T. M. Barna, Eighth Georgia; J. A. Hayden, Hawesley's Battery; W. W. Bowling, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry and Buckner Guards; James Branham, Forrest's Cavalry; James W. Twyman, Second Kentucky Cavalry; B. J. Bush, Hawesley's Battery; John S. Gray, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain T. H. Hynes, Company "E," Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; James Cook, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; W. H. Miller, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Lieutenant Joe Haycraft, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; A. Carlton, Hawesley's Battery; L. G. Colvin, Lyons' Command; John H. Kinkaid, Lyons' Command; Fred. Tull, Mexican and all subsequent wars, First Kentucky Cavalry.

ROLL OF FEDERAL SOLDIERS PRESENT.

D. M. Brown, Tenth Kentucky; John Bryan, First East Tennessee Cavalry; Thomas Edelin, Thirty-fifth Kentucky; A. G. Putnam, Thirty-fourth Kentucky;

Thomas Gardner, Fifteenth Kentucky; H. F. McBride, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Wesly Cofer, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; Major C. W. Quiggins, First Battalion Kentucky Infantry; John L. Bohlend, Second Kentucky Cavalry; Jacob Fischer, Hospital Steward, United States Army; John Allen, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; John Heller, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry; L. P. Walker, Ninth Kentucky Cavalry; T. R. McBeath, Twenty-seventh Kentucky Infantry; M. W. Duncan, Third United States Regiment; H. Simpson, Second Kentucky Cavalry; G. W. Moore, Tenth Kentucky Infantry; D. L. Weaver, United States Gunboat; B. A. Miller, Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry.

[For the Bivouac.]

**BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT
SHREVEPORT, LA.**



THE surviving veterans of the Confederate Army, of the city of Shreveport, La., met at Tally's Opera House, June 21, 1884, to institute an organization of a benevolent nature, purposing mutual benevolence, charity and protection. The meeting was large and enthusiastic. It was called to order by Victor Grosjean, of the Fourth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, and Captain James F. Utz, of the Second Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, called to the chair; Mr. J. V. Nolan, of the Crescent Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, acting as secretary.

The roll was opened for signatures, and fifty-six names were subscribed. On motion, the chair appointed a committee of ten to submit a constitution and by-laws two weeks from date for purpose of permanent organization.

On July 6th, following, the constitution and by-laws were adopted, permanent organization effected, the roll swelled to one hundred and thirty-six names, and the following officers elected to serve for the ensuing year.

President—Captain James F. Utz, of Company B, Second Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

Vice-Presidents—1st, Lieutenant J. C. Egan, of Company C, Ninth Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers; 2d, Captain J. W. Jones, of Company K, Nineteenth Louisiana Infantry Volunteers; 3d, L. R. Simmons, Fenner's Battery, Louisiana Artillery Volunteers; 4th, Arthur Newman, Ordnance Sergeant Nineteenth Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers; 5th, Captain William Kinney, Company F, Third Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

Secretary—James V. Nolan, Company G, Crescent Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

Corresponding Secretary—Thomas B. Chase, Company C, Crescent Regiment Louisiana Infantry Volunteers.

Treasurer—W. C. Perrin, Company E, Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry Volunteers.

Executive Committee—I. B. Gilmore, Colonel Third Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; J. C. Moncure, Major and Assistant Adjutant General Polignac's Staff; Victor Grosjean, Company —, Fourth Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; G. W. Kendall, Captain and Assistant Commissary Subsistence, Twenty-fifth Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; R. A. Gray, Dreau's Battalion Louisiana Volunteer Infantry.

Relief Committee—Nathan Gregg, Company A, Third Regiment Texas Cavalry; J. S. Young, Lieutenant Company —, Second Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; S. B. McCutchen, Lieutenant Company I, Twenty-seventh Regiment Louisiana Volunteer Infantry.

The organization is a positive fact, and will result in great mutual benefit to the members thereof.

* * * * *

To the above, let me append the testimony of a veteran, who, during a severe illness, occurring in Shreveport, tested thoroughly the devotion and loving-kindness of the officers and members of this organization.

As soon as it became known that one who (though a stranger) had faithfully served the Lost Cause was ill, and suffering in their midst, these good Samaritans began their work. Nothing was forgotten or omitted which could add to the comfort of the patient. All responsibility was lifted from the feeble hands; skillful physicians gave their real valuable services "without money and without price."

The wife and sisters of one of the officers bestowed untiring nursing, continued at their own charming home, as soon as partial convalescence permitted removal.

Excepting the Association of A. U. V. of the Army of Tennessee, I know of no Confederate organization so thorough, so vigorous or composed of as excellent material.

Its officers are representative men—widely known as such. "Records" are so carefully examined and tested, that to have been admitted to membership is a sufficient guarantee as to the character of the soldier and the man.

Captain Utz, the president, made an exceptional record in the army of northern Virginia, where heroic men were as thick as "leaves in Valambrosa." Of the secretary, a thrilling story was related to me by one of his comrades. During the bloody and awful battle of Mansfield, it became necessary to send orders to a certain point. The only way lay through an open field, exposed to a terrific fire from the enemy. To cross this field seemed certain death. Young Nolan, then a boy of eighteen years, volunteered for this service, and dashing on through a fearful storm of deadly missiles, successfully executed his mission. His escape was so miraculous that one can only account for it by believing that "God gave his angels charge concerning him."

Thomas B. Chase, corresponding secretary, was a *faithful soldier*, of the Donaldson Artillery. *Higher* praise could not be accorded him.

I am not informed as to the individual records of others of this Association, but, judging from its spirit and character, I believe that here is hidden enough of glory to brighten many a page of history.

VETERAN.

TRUE COURAGE.

In all ages, courage on the battle-field has been the theme of orators and poets, yet the courage of the warrior is not only a common and a variable quality, but has often been surpassed by that displayed by women. Native valor, too, is sometimes inferior to that which is acquired. Frederic the Great ran like a coward out of his first battle. Flying on the wings of fear, he went a great distance from the field, and, coming to one of his own strongholds, reported that his army was destroyed. What was his surprise and mortification to learn that his men had gained a great victory. He never forgot the lesson taught, and ever afterward was conspicuous for steady courage in action. Many instances might be given of soldiers in the last war who, in their first fight, were "lily-livered," but who afterward faced with dauntless front the gleaming steel; and on the other hand, of some who were lion-hearted till taught by the pain of a wound the perils of a battle, and who then became notable cowards. Bravery in action, though more admired, is really not as great as that displayed in passive suffering. The woman who sticks to her post in the pestilential chamber is far braver than Alexander charging at the head of his cavalry.

Youths' Department.

THE BOLD GUERRILLA BOY.

I began to feel pretty hungry by this time, so I took out my snack, which dear Miss Sallie had put up for me—bless her soul! she talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright. I set to work, eating, with a will. I stayed on my horse all the time, for if there is one duty that every soldier ought to observe, it is to be always on his guard; always ready for the enemy. So I sat on my horse, eating my bread and chicken, and watching the road all the time. Now and then Rebel stamped at the flies, and made such a terrible noise that I was afraid some one would hear him. I stopped eating, and rode back to the other side of the woods to see if anything was in the rear. Seeing nothing, I came back and went on with my chicken.

When I got through eating, I sat there, thinking about Miss Sallie, and how happy I would be if the war was over, and we were married, and living at home together. These sweet thoughts drove the Yankees from my mind. Suddenly I heard a most, unusual noise behind me. I thought the Yankees had gotten in my rear, and I was gone up. I cocked my pistol, wheeled Rebel around, and started in a slanting direction from the noise. After I had gone about ten yards, on looking closely at the point from where I thought the noise came, what should I see but a confounded hog, trotting along, wagging his ears, and shaking his tail, and grunting as if he was trying to sing a song. Confound that hog! I could and would have shot him then and there had I not been afraid the Yankees would hear the noise. So I let him go on, and I came back to my post.

After waiting there about an hour longer, suddenly, as if they had come out of the ground, I found a company of Yankee cavalry on the road, nearly opposite to me. I was afraid to move, for fear they would hear the noise. How I wished for about fifty of the guerrillas then! There would be some chance for us, but what could I do against so many Yankees? I kept as quiet as a mouse, watching them through the branches. At one time I thought they were looking at the woods, and were turning off the road to come after me. I braced myself in the saddle to do

the very fastest kind of running. But I was mistaken; they all passed by. Then I thought I ought to follow them, and try and catch the Yankee for Miss Sallie. But what could I do against so many? There wouldn't be any sense in risking my life without any chance for me! I wouldn't believe Miss Sallie cared for me much if she would wish me to do such a thing as that.

While I was thinking over this, what should I see coming along the road but a Yankee, by himself! He, no doubt, belonged to the company ahead, and had stopped to get some water. I watched him closely, thinking that I would now capture a Yankee for Miss Sallie. The nearer he got to me the bigger he looked! He was riding a thundering big horse, too. Over his shoulder I saw the end of a carbine; he had a pistol in his belt (two, I believe), and a saber by his side. It would have been madness to attack that fellow in front, so I let him pass by, intending to attack him in rear. I then thought that some were behind him, so I waited awhile. I saw none, however, and then I rode down to the road, and followed after the Yankee.

I thought I would go along slowly until I got a hill between me and the Yankee, and then I would gallop up closer, and would go down on him with a rush. So, as soon as he passed over the first hill, I spurred Rebel, and off he went at a gallop. He made so much noise with his feet, that, fearing the Yankee would hear, and prevent my surprising him, I pulled Rebel down to a trot. By the time I got to the top of the hill the Yankee was two hundred yards ahead. I pulled up and went slowly.

After following the Yankee a while longer, I looked around to see whether any Yankees were following. I thought I saw a dust in the distance, so I left the road and took up a gallop for the woods. Looking around again, I saw I was mistaken about the dust. But, as the Yankee had gotten a good distance ahead, I concluded I would have to let him go "scot free" this time. If I hadn't been mistaken about that dust behind me, I would have gotten that fellow! He little knew he was so near being captured or killed.

By this time it was near sunset, and I saw that I would have to give up capturing a Yankee for Miss Sallie this time. What in the thunder does she want with a Yankee? I'll get her one, but I must confess I do not see any use in it. I didn't get one this time, but it was not my fault; I did all that a man could do. Besides, I had learned the ways of these Yankees, and how to raid by myself. I felt sure that I would get one next time, so I went on home not so much dissatisfied with my raid.

I told Miss Sallie that I had gained several points this time, and would soon capture her a Yankee, but she mustn't ask me for particulars until I succeeded. She seemed satisfied—but what in the thunder does she want with that Yankee?

August 5. I went out again yesterday to try and capture a Yankee for Miss Sallie. I was afraid that somebody had seen where I had taken my last stand on the road, so I went this time into a woods, near the road leading from Hazleton to Bloomfield. After watching the road for about two hours, I saw a company of cavalry coming along. About a hundred yards behind them came an ambulance. I thought this would be a first-rate chance for me to capture a Yankee, and to get two horses for myself. So I kept myself well hid by the trees while the company was passing, intending to rush out on the ambulance when it came up. However, when it came along, it seemed to me that there might be Yankees inside the ambulance, and they would have the advantage of a shot at me as I came up. So I let it pass. I did not see any signs of men being inside, so I concluded to follow and see if I couldn't capture it further up the road. I thought the driver would stop to water his horses at a stream about a mile further on, and that there would be my best chance to get him. So I followed slowly, keeping a sharp lookout all around me.

Just as I reached the bottom of a long hill I looked around, and what should I see coming on behind me but a Yankee cavalryman! I was in a tight place, for I couldn't expect to capture the Yankee, as he would be prepared for me before I could reach him; and I couldn't go ahead without fighting the whole Yankee company. So I concluded to get off the road as soon as I could.

There were no gates or bars near, and I had to pull the fence down. While I was at this work, the Yankee behind noticed me and came forward at a gallop. I never jerked fence-rails so wildly in all my life! It didn't seem to me more than a minute before the fence was down and I on horseback again. The Yankee, however, had gotten pretty close, and let fly a shot at me. As the ball whistled over my head, I laid low on Rebel's neck and went at the fence with a rush. Over the fence went Rebel, and across the field at his best gait. I had presence of mind enough to ram my spurs into his sides, and the spring he made, I believe, saved my life, for a bullet whistled behind me so close that a moment's stop would have sent it through my head.

The Yankee followed me across the field, but I don't think he

came into the woods into which I rushed, striking against the branches as I went along, and getting my hat brushed off by them. I didn't stop to pick it up. When I got to the woods, I would have turned around and fought the Yankee, but I felt sure he would be followed by others, and I couldn't expect to beat them all. So I kept on across the country at a gallop, for about three miles, and then, seeing no signs of pursuit, I went along at a slower gait, taking the road towards home. I stopped at a store on the road and bought a hat. I didn't like to go home without a hat, as I didn't want Jim to know I had been out on a private raid.

It seems to me that I am unlucky about catching that Yankee for Miss Sallie. Everything goes against me. If that Yankee hadn't come up behind (I think there were more behind him, too), I would have captured that ambulance, certainly. But I'll capture that Yankee yet for Miss Sallie as sure as my name is Buster, though what in the thunder she wants with him I don't know! But she talks so sweet, and her eyes shine so bright! I believe I would be willing to die for the girl. At any rate, I would get wounded in the arm for her.

August 12. I tried another plan yesterday. I got a Spencer carbine, which Jim had captured from a Yankee. Seven balls are put into the stock, and all you have to do is to keep cocking the gun and pulling the trigger. My plan was to take my post near the road, wound a Yankee with this carbine, and then bring him off to Miss Sallie. She said she wanted me to capture a Yankee, and I didn't suppose she would object to my bringing her a wounded one. So off I rode yesterday, and took my post this time on the road leading from Hazleton to Rockland. Soon, a squad of Yankees came along. I didn't like to fire at the crowd, for if I wounded a fellow I couldn't get him, and as Miss Sallie makes a point of my bringing the Yankee to her, it is of no use wounding a man without getting him. Besides, the rest of the party would find out where I was, and might get *me*. So I let them pass and waited for a single Yankee. One came along pretty soon, but as he was near the party ahead, I let *him* pass, taking aim at him, however, in order to get my hand in. Soon, another came along, and I levelled my carbine and took dead aim at him. It occurred to me then that I might *miss* him, and if he came after me he would take me at a disadvantage, as I was not used to fighting with a carbine, and, in retreating through the woods, it might be in my way. So I let *him* pass. He was the last one that came along. I came back home, then, determined to go out again soon, and take a shot next time at all risks.

UNCLE GEORGE OUT FORAGING.

"You must have been pretty wet," said I to Uncle George, "when Smith Johnson fished you out of the Potomac."

"On de outside, honey, but de innards wus dry es a bone. Understand, I had been frow so much dat I was kinder gone, an' I spec I 'peared so, too, fur they toted me out, an' 'menc'd to roll me over an' hold my footses up in th' air, like dey wus 'parin' fur de kerriner to set on me. But I kicks one niggah over what was a tryin' tu make me stan' on my head, an' den dey know'd I'd come to. 'Fotch sum apple-jack heah,' ses Major Moore, 'de ole man's cole,' an', honey, dey jes forced me to swaller mor'n a haff pint of de stuff. Dey mite hab gin me more, but Mr. Blakely took a swig at de jug an' drain'd 'er dry. We soon got all rite, an' we cross'd de river on de pontoons de bery same day. Dat's de las' time I seen de Potomac, an' I won't cry if I nebber see her no mo."

"Didn't you go over in the Antietam campaign?"

"Antietam! Sharpsburg you mean; that's wot we call'd it, an' what I say now. Me wuzn't thar? Wuzn't Gen'l Lee an' Jackson thar? Whar else could I bin?"

"Had a good time that trip, I reckon?"

"Dar wuz plenty occasun fur it, but, hunny, it had its drawbacks. We druv aroun' on de mountins consid'able. But dere wuz plenty to eat for niggahs an' mules. Sakes alive! wot a kinty fur peeches an pars an' apples, an' grapses Ole Marylan' is."

"It must have been a regular picnic?"

"Most in gen'ul it wur. But I mind de time wunst wen it cum putty nigh bein' somethin' else. It wuz a smart piece arter sun-down afore we went into camp. I druv fro a fence gap an' unhitch'd. De ar wuz sweet ez roses an' suggah, an' I know'd dar wuz somthin' good a hidin' aroun.' Brown's Luke 'low'd he'd curl over an' take a res'. Ses I, 'Dar's a prize fur a sodger man, sho as yo bawn, an' it taint fur off nuther.' 'Wat's that you'r sayin', said Mr. Blakely, a slippin up to de fiah. 'I'm a steddysin' how to git to de spring, or well,' ses I. 'Dar mus' be one aroun' an' ef I ain't mity wrong, dere's pars and grapes awaitin' some starvin' man.' 'You don't say so!' says Mr. Blakely. 'Kin you scent 'em?' 'I kin,' ses I, fur I didn't like skirmishin' aroun' in de dark by myself. 'Go ahead, then,' says Mr. Blakely. Well, we started, an' soon got into timber of some kind. Mebbe it wus yard trees; enny how, we cum mity ni a bustin' our heads wonst an' a while. I could heer Mr. Blakely a stumblin an' cussin' behind, on' ef I hadn't been afeard uv somebody grabbin' me

I mite a laffed myself to deth. Bymeby dar was a gen'ral sweetness all aroun, an' I upt wid my hand and tetchted summin' soft like. If you believe me, hunny, it was a peeche, an' in fine comp'ny, too. I wuzn't perticler, but jes tuck 'em as dey cum, fur dey wus all fust class. When Mr. Blakely got up I wus so bizzy dat I furgot my manners. Arter eatin' nigh onto a bushel apiece, ses I, 'Dar is a smell of grapes cummin' from de rite. We is ajinin' de garden, I spec.' Ses he, 'George, you'r mity good on a trail; you go ahead, an' I'll bring up de rear.' So we stepp'd out by de right flank, single file, an' cum all at wunst agin a palin' fence. Over it we clumb, an' putty soon wuz in de happy lan' uv Canin. I wuz a leetle afraid dar wuzen't eny room fur de grapes till I tasted a bunch, when dey jes 'peared to wash de peeches down good."

"Wouldn't Mr. Blakely eat any?"

"Mr. Blakely! He had no mo' an' tuk a bite afore he got beside hisef. He went on scanlous pullin' de vines an' makin' a splutterin' noise. Presently ses he, 'Dar's bigger bunches higher up,' an' he 'gin to clime on de latters-wuk. Putty soon down he cum, like a yeathquake. Ses he, 'Dat wus a botch'd job.' Ses I, 'You better keep quiet, or dar'll be anuther botch'd job.' I doan min' zac'ly how long it wuz afore I hyard a rustlin' from de bushes. I Ses, 'Look out, Mr. Blakely, dey is a dog cummin', an' we boof broke fur de fence. Well, we made out by de hardest to git over afore de dog cum up. I couldn't see him well, but I know'd from de noise dat he wus mighty nigh as big as a mule. He didn't bark a bit, but seemed kinder sorry he wuz ahine time. Arter smellin' 'tween de palins he runned off down de fence. Ses Mr. Blakely, 'He's skeered to deth—must be a reg'lar houn'. Ses I, 'Doan be too sartin; dat dog's got a hole froo de fence he's well 'quainted with, an' like as not he's makin' fur it now,' an' rite away I started-fur camp, Mr. Blakely a follerin'. As we begun to clar de timber, we held up to a walk an' listened. He wus a cummin, shoo 'nuff, like a run-away hoss. Ses Mr. Blakely, whose wind wur broke, 'We're his meat, suah. It's wuss 'n dyin' on de fiel'. Doan leeve me, George.' I didn' have no time fur fool'shness, an' so I jes' lit out, Mr. Blakely a tryin' to keep up. Bymeby we cum to a wurm fence an' hadn' mo' n' got over it afo de dog cum up and run'd abrest uv us on 'tother side. De fence wus sorter low 'n places, and de dog jumped over, but when he'd cum on our side we'd git over 'n his. An' so we had it, nip an' tuck. But de dog fooled us. Wunst he made pretense to git over on our side but didn't, an' de fust thing we know'd we wuz all on de same side. I bounced back,

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right away, but afore Mr. Blakely got over de dog took a peece out uv his coat tail."

"Why didn't you knock him with a stick, or something?"

"Nuffin' less 'n a crow-bar, hunny, would have dun eny good, an' we didn't have none. 'Sides, he hed de bulge on us, an' we didn't have no time to rally."

"How did you get away?"

"Well, de fence got higher an' higher, an' de dog couldn't jump it. Den he got tired and went back."

"Did he hurt Mr. Blakely?"

"I doan no, hunny, fur sartin, but Brown's Luke sed that Mr. Blakely never sot down at his meals artewerds fur mos' a week."

CHIP.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

HOW ONE MAN "STUCK TOGEDDER."

L. Dyer—rest his shade, if he be dead; his substance, if alive—was a short, chunky, game, modest, and sensitive little Polander, in Joe Johnston's army. He was made Sergeant-Major of the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment (Tom. Scott's Brigade of Infantry), by the adjutant thereof, because that officer "liked to have him around." Besides, no better appointment could have been made. Often did Dyer, in camp or bivouac, to a few friends relate the story of his boyhood in his native city of Cracow, when her tyrants would press into service (one Pole to every four Russians in the ranks) the young men of doomed Sarmatia.

The first day at Shiloh the Forty-ninth, about 800 strong, of first-class though undisciplined material, had (like most of the other regiments) never been under fire. In this green condition they were pushed forward on the extreme left and in front of our attacking columns, when they ran into a regiment, or brigade, of Yankees in ambush. When the blue cloud rose up from the gullies, where they had been quietly awaiting "the coming men," and poured a deadly fire into their ranks, the Alabamians didn't wait for a second invitation to leave. They went back, pell-mell—the devil take the hindmost—their mounted officers leading the way, until all were safely ensconced behind a Tennessee brigade just over the hill. There they were reformed, and, after a rest, tried it again. It is due those brave men to add that no soldiers fought better the second day, and thereafter while the war lasted. Very likely, there was never a regiment of untried soldiers, unexpectedly ambushed, which would have done any better.

But this little escapade, for some time after, subjected the Forty-ninth to many a gibe and jest from members of the other regiments. The fact that they had "broken" in the face of the enemy, and got back so much faster than they went forward, made them a subject of heartless ridicule even by men who, under the same circumstances, would also have manifested a fellow-feeling for the rear.

One day several weeks afterward, while the Forty-ninth was marching along on the retreat from Corinth, some Tennesseans came up and began to joke the Alabamians for not having "stuck together" the first day at Shiloh. To no member of the regiment had such jeers been more humiliating, or more exasperating, than to Dyer, who had all along protested that he had behaved, on the occasion referred to, as a soldier should, and had not even followed his flying friends off the field while a single officer or private remained behind with him. When he couldn't stand the taunting of the Tennessee boys any longer, Dyer, modest as he was, stepped toward the crowd, with fist clenched and his eyes flaming, and said: "Now, we've had just as much o' dat as I'm going to bear. I don't know w'ot de balance o' de regiment did dat day at Shiloh, but anybody w'ot says *I didn't stick together, is a dirty liar!*"

The shouts of laughter which greeted this explosion, from all who heard it alike, I could never forget, and Dyer realized in a moment that he had perpetrated a very serious Irish bull (or a Poland-China pig), and blushing to the roots of his hair, dodged back into the ranks. Ever after that, while the war continued, whenever any one wanted to silence the plucky little Pole, he had only to begin: "Whoever says *I didn't stick togedder, etc., etc.,*" and he would go off and hide himself the remainder of the day.

C. E. M.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

[For the BIVOUAC.]

AN INCIDENT OF HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

During General Hood's disastrous retreat from Nashville, in December, 1864, the following incident, which I have never seen in print, occurred at the pontoon bridge crossing Duck river into Columbia. The writer was standing barefooted, wet and shivering by the side of the only piece saved by his battery—waiting for a gap in the surging mass that was constantly pouring across—into which he might fall, and do his share of the struggle to reach the opposite bank. Hardee's corps had about finished crossing when a commotion was observed among Cheatham's troops—and just before

the head of his column moved onto the bridge, General Forrest, who had been sitting quietly on his horse, evidently much disgusted at the state of affairs, trotting quickly up to Cheatham, said: "General Cheatham, it is my turn to cross ahead of you, sir." Cheatham replied: "I think not, sir. You are mistaken. I intend to cross now, and will thank you to move out of the way of my troops." Forrest grew furious, and pulling his pistol—the same long-barreled weapon that we all saw him use so effectively on the heads of members of Bates' division, at the disgraceful retreat from Murfreesboro the week before—spurred his horse close up to Cheatham, and said, "If you are a better man than I am, General Cheatham, your troops can cross ahead of mine." Forrest, with his pistol, had the best of Cheatham, and a tragedy was only prevented by the timely interference of General Stephen D. Lee, who, alighting from an ambulance (he was painfully wounded in the leg a few days before), pushed in between the two disputants, and advising General Forrest to cross over, pacified the chafing Cheatham. My companion and messmate, J. W. Noyes, and I, moved across the bridge and on to camp about a mile south of Columbia, picking out the wet and muddy spots along the road, so as to prevent unnecessary wear and tear of our pedal extremities. We took Headquarters Kitchen in the rear, and gaining the good graces of the negro cook, sampled the savory dishes ahead of the generals, and through her kindness slept under the stove that night. The incident at the bridge and barefooted march to Pulaski next day, over the frozen pike road, both left lasting impressions on our minds that only death will obliterate.

FENNER'S BATTERY.

NEW ORLEANS, July 19, 1884.



SKIRMISH LINE.

THE following story is told of Dr. K., Surgeon of the Fourth Infantry, by an enemy:

"Dr. K. was a stout, pompous, little man, who, though quite youthful, affected spectacles to add dignified severity to a countenance naturally sour. He sat up late every night playing poker, and early next day was, of course, as snappish as a she-bear.

"At the sick-call every morning, as the applicants for medical treatment arrived, the following usually occurred:

" 'Well sir, what's the matter with you?'

"No. 1: 'Had a fever all night; took cold, I reckon.'

" 'Let me see your tongue. Here, take two of these pills (drawing them from his right vest-pocket), and if you don't feel better, come back and get some more.'

"To No. 2: 'You here again? Well, what now?'

" 'I got pains in my joints—headache fit to bust.'

" 'Let me see your tongue. Here, take two of these pills (taking them from his left vest-pocket) and if you don't get better, come back and get some more.'

"To No. 3: 'Well, old pine-knot; tired of drilling, hey?'

" 'I got a bad sprain, doctor, and it's getting worse.'

" 'Let me see your tongue. Here, take two of these pills (taking them from the right vest-pocket), and if you don't feel better, come and get some more.'

"One day a patient came back to 'get some more.' After the usual form of question, Doctor K. began to pull his pills from the right vest-pocket.

" 'Hold on, doctor,' said the old soldier; 'that's the wrong pocket.'

" 'Don't make any difference,' said the surgeon, reddening. 'Shirking ain't fatal, but it is incurable.'"

ONE day opposing pickets on the Rappahannock agreed not to fire. A brisk conversation arose between a Texan and an Irishman, on the Federal side.

"What are *you* doing in the Yankee army?" said the Texan. "What are *you* fightin' for, anyhow."

"I'm a fitin' for thirteen dollars a month. I belave ye'r fitin' for eleven."

ONE of the best companies of the Stonewall brigade was composed of railroad men from Martinsburg, West Virginia.

In a charge at Munassas, the story goes, the captain offered a barrel of whisky to the man who first reached the guns. When the captain got there, one of his men, already astraddle of a cannon, cried out:

"Don't forget that barrel, Captain."

The next day an admirer of the hero asked him how war compared with railroading.

"Well," said he, "the life of a soldier is pretty rough, but it has one advantage over railroading."

"What is that?" was asked.

"Tain't near so dangerous," said the man of the rail.

A COLUMN of infantry was one day marching along a dusty road under a broiling sun. Close by, under some trees, was discovered a cluster of sleek commissaries seated at dinner. A tall, raw-boned, and dust-begrimed North Carolinian went up to the fence, and, putting his chin upon it, stared long and earnestly at the tempting table. At last, bursting with envy, he yelled out:

"I say, misters, did any of ye ever hearn tell of the battle of Chancellorsville?"

JUDGE G. was a private in the ranks. Though never distinguished for promptness in collecting his fees, or in the minor details of business, he took great pride in always being among the first at roll-call for drill or battle.

To make sure of always being ready, it was his custom to put on his equipments some time before the appointed hour. One day, after being completely accoutered, he sat down to have a smoke before the drum beat.

When the signal was given, forgetting that he had on his equipments, he rushed to his tent, near where the company was forming, and began to put on a second set of accouterments, in sight of every one. He managed to get a second belt around him, but his efforts to adjust another cartridge-box were somewhat a failure. He twisted, and pulled, and strained, until the whole company, sergeant and all, burst into a horse laugh when the judge discovered his mistake.

"I WAS once," says a correspondent, "riding late at night on the road leading from Richmond to Petersburg, in the spring of 1865. The road, in the rear of our line, near the Appomattox river, and a solitary horseman were rather lonesome. Falling in with a negro, riding a mule, I rode with him, and discussed the war, and the probability of the fall of Petersburg.

"'I tell you, colonel,' said the unknown, 'if General Lee will never 'vance, he 'll stay whar he is furever; but jes let him 'vance wunst, an' he 's a goner.' After further conversation, he said: 'When de white folks is dun an' settled their quarrel, dar's one fur de cullud people to square up. Dese here South Caroliny niggahs say dey cum here to fite Verginny's battle, an' dey is insultin'. All we Verginny niggahs want is fur you all to stan' back an' say nuffin', an' we 'll show 'em what Verginny blood is. We dun an' tuk their impudence long enuff'."

THE following is given by an eye-witness: "On Jones' West Virginia raid, one day there was a fight near a country store. The house was soon abandoned by the occupants, and when the enemy retired precipitately, the store was plundered. It was first come, first served. In a twinkling, the dry-goods were gone; then the mob began on the miscellaneous articles. My most valuable capture was a jar of nutmegs. By the time I had them rolled up in a tablecloth, the store was about empty. I saw one poor fellow enter, and look around for something to steal. There was nothing left in sight but a pile of grindstones. Uttering a volley of oaths at his bad luck, he shouldered one of these, and marched off triumphantly."

"OLD WHITEY."—The following account of an old war-horse is obtained from the *Clarke Courier* (Virginia). We had some acquaintance with "Old Whitey," though it did not amount to a speaking one:

"The old members of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry will regret to learn of the death of 'Old Reb,' or 'Whitey,' owned by R. Owen Allen, Lieutenant of Company 'D.' This horse was not less remarkable and conspicuous in old age than in the prime of life, when he won for himself a wide reputation throughout Stuart's Cavalry, where he was known to be of great endurance on the march, and of remarkable powers for either a long or high leap, and conspicuous for his style and action on the field of battle. At the battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, he was wounded in the first charge, at the first fire of the enemy, three times, that being the charge on Colonel Davis, commanding a brigade, who at that time was falling on Chew's battery, encamped on the skirt of a piece of woods, and in imminent danger of being taken by the enemy, who had surprised us, driving in our pickets without our knowledge of their immediate presence. This counter-charge was made by but a handful of men, say seventy-five in all; was led by Colonel Flournoy, and was effective in checking the enemy. Flournoy ordered an immediate falling back to the respective commands, and it was at this juncture that we are brought to the conspicuous event of 'Old Reb's' war record, for it was here that his rider had a personal hand-to-hand encounter with Colonel Davis, who was standing some fifty yards in front of his command, waving his sword over his head, seemingly urging on other advances, and who, for some cause, did not observe that Allen was almost on him, with revolver drawn. When their horses became neck and neck, Davis rose in his stirrups and gave a right cut, expecting to unhorse his adversary, who evaded the destructive cut, Comanche-like, by throwing himself on the side of his blood-stained horse. The force of the desperately-intended blow had scarcely been misspent in vacant air when Allen discharged, in the right side of his adversary, a shot that ended the career of this gallant and highly-esteemed officer. After sending 'Old Reb' to the rear, Lieutenant Allen mounted a captured horse, and received a grape-shot wound in the right shoulder that disabled him for some months. The first service performed by this horse was in Ashby's command, at Harper's Ferry, at the breaking out of the war. He made some very conspicuous leaps during the war, and it is a well-known fact that, a few weeks prior to his death—July 22, 1884—at what we believe to have been his age, namely, thirty-three, he could, at will, clear any ordinary fence, in search of choice and select pastures, in which he indulged most sociably, without regard to party discrimination—at heart a free-trader, and strictly independent. He lived game, and died game; and his bones rest at Westwood."



TO THE CHILDREN.



SINCE soldiers no longer bivouac upon or near battle-fields, but in pleasant retreats, undisturbed by the rude alarms of war, they are glad to welcome you to their peaceful camp-fire for the sake of the loved comrades whose children you are, I am kindly permitted to convey to you their message and to bid you welcome. Let us try not to be mere lookers-on and listeners, but to make our corner of THE BIVOUAC as attractive as any. It was not the grown people alone who were brave and self-sacrificing during the late war. Children bore patiently great hardships and privations, and often performed grand and heroic deeds. These should not be hidden. You who have often listened to such stories, told by your parents or friends, should remember that those familiar to one will be perfectly fresh and very interesting to another, and it is desirable to interchange reminiscences. I think you all feel as I do, that not even a crumb of our glorious history should be lost.

Therefore, let each child who comes to THE BIVOUAC try to bring a few of these precious scraps. If you can not trust to memory, ask your friends to assist you by writing down the stories they have told you. Send them to my address, and I will find a place for all in the children's "nook."

Your friend,

VIOLETTA.

Address *Violetta*, 242 Josephine Street, New Orleans.

NELLY.

In the early autumn, on a lovely afternoon, a little girl sat upon the stile which led from a spacious farm-yard into a field of newly-mown wheat. In her hand she held a long switch, and her business was to watch the motions of a large flock of fowls which—as is usual at harvest time—had been kept in their coop all day, and only let out for an hour or two, just before sunset, to run about in the grassy yard, seeking bugs and worms, or other dainties which they alone know how to find. Of course, they could not be allowed in the field before the grain had been safely garnered, so Nelly had been permitted to mount guard upon the stile, the better to observe and control them. She quite felt the importance of the trust, and, holding her switch as proudly as if it had been a scepter, was eager

and quick to discover occasions to use it. Many a staid and demure-looking hen, or saucy, daring young chicken had stolen quite near to her post, stopping every few moments to peer cautiously around, or to peck at a blade of grass or an imaginary worm, as if quite indifferent to the attractions presented by the field beyond; but just as they had come close to the fence, and thought themselves unnoticed, Nelly would jump from her perch, and, with a thwack of the switch, send them squawking back to their companions. At length, however, the child seemed to grow weary of her task, and, slowly descending to the ground, she walked toward the barn, and returning with her apron full of corn, opened the door of the chicken-house, and, having enticed her charge within, shut them up for the night. This done, Nelly wandered aimlessly about for awhile, then sitting down upon a large stone which seemed to have been rolled under a tree just to make a nice seat, she looked around in an impatient and discontented manner. The sights and sounds which surrounded her were very pleasant, and—one would have imagined—exceedingly attractive to a child. The rays of the declining sun, slanting across the grassy yard, brightened up the low, brown farm-house until the old-fashioned glass door and the latticed windows on either side seemed as if brilliantly lighted *from within*, and one might easily have imagined it an enchanted castle. The mossy roof looked as if gilded, and in front of the house the well-bucket, hanging high upon the sweep, seemed dropping gold into the depths beneath. In the porch, upon a table scrubbed “white as the driven snow,” were set the bright tin-pans ready to receive the evening’s milk. Within the house the maids were singing gayly as they passed to and fro preparing a substantial supper for the farmer. Outside, the creaking wagons were being driven into the barn-yard. Gentle oxen, released from their daily toil, stood patiently waiting to be fed. Horses, with a great deal of stamping and shouting, were led into the barn. Up the lane came the cow-boy, alternately whistling, singing, and cracking his whip, until at length the drove of sweet-breathed cows stood lowing at the bars which, at milking time, would be let down for them to pass each to her own stall.

Nelly seemed to see and hear nothing that was passing around her. The shadow upon her face deepened, the sweet, blue eyes filled with tears. At last she rose, and crossing the stile, passed rapidly through the wheat-field, climbed a low stone wall, and presently came to a green knoll shaded by a sycamore tree, and commanding a view of the public road. Here she stood, eagerly gazing

down the road, while seemingly struggling to subdue the sorrow which, however, soon found vent in heart-broken sobs. Still searching the road with anxious, tearful eyes, she seemed to hesitate for awhile, but at last, after casting many a fearful glance toward the farm-house, the little girl began to descend the high bank, slipping many times, and sadly scratched by the rough gravel and projecting roots of the trees. Having reached the bottom she did not pause a moment, but drew her light shawl over her head and ran swiftly away. And now let us try to discover the cause of all this trouble.

My dear young friends, have you ever heard of a disease called "nostalgia?" A long, hard word, and one which contains a world of terrible meaning. It is a kind of sickness which attacks not only children, but also strong and wise men, who have been known to suffer fearfully—even to *die*—because they could not obtain the only remedy which ever does any good. Nostalgia means *homesickness*. Poor little Nelly was *homesick*, and in desperation she had fled, hoping to find—not her own dear southern home, for that she knew she could never see again—but the house of her grandmamma, where she had some time before left her dear mother. The little girl had, ever since she could remember, lived very happily with her parents in their lovely Virginia home. An only child, she was petted to her heart's content, and had scarcely a wish ungratified. But when the war began her papa became a soldier. Nelly thought he looked very grand in his uniform of gray, with its red trimmings and bright buttons, and rather liked the idea of having a soldier papa. But after he had gone away she missed him dreadfully, and her mamma was always so pale and sad that the child also grew anxious, and could no longer enjoy her play. At first, letters from the absent soldier cheered them, but as the months passed they ceased to hear at all, except the wild rumors, which often frightened and distressed the anxious wife.

"Maum Winnie," an old negro servant who claimed to have "raised Mass Ned" (Nelly's papa), now proved a faithful friend, and a great comfort to her mistress; but Nelly, missing the old woman's cheerful talk and the laugh that used often to shake her fat sides, thought she had grown cross and exacting. The bright morning sunlight sometimes made the little girl forget to be sorrowful, and when her dog, "Ponto," came frisking around her, she gladly joined him in a wild romp. Immediately Maum Winnie would appear, the very picture of dignified astonishment:

"Now, Miss Nelly, *aint* you shame? Yer pore mar she bin had

a mity *onrestless* night, an' jes as she 'bout to ketch a 'nap o' sleep, yere, you bin start all dis 'fusion. Now, her eye dun pop *wide* open an' she gwine straight to studyin' agin."

The days passed, each made more gloomy by rumors of the near approach of the enemy. At last, one dreadful night a regiment of Federal soldiers suddenly appeared, and, at midnight, Nelly and her mamma were compelled to seek shelter in Maum Winnie's cabin. The next morning only a heap of smoking ruins remained to show where their sweet home had been.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MOTHERS' MEETING.

Three little children, Susie, Annie, and Jane, met one day, according to promise, under a cherry-tree in the back yard to play "Come to see." Each brought her doll, of course. When all were seated on pieces of brick, the play began.

Said Susie, taking the lead, to Annie: "How is your sick child dis mornin', Mrs. Brown?"

Annie: "Oh, Mrs. Brow, he was real low last night. But the doctor come and give him some medicine. I thinks he is a little better now."

Jane was much the youngest, but she felt called on to make a remark, and so she said: "It's a very warm day."

"Yes," said Susie, without noticing Jane, "my child's had the cholly fantem, but we rides him out every day. The doctor ses the fresh air is good for him," and then she kissed her doll, saying, "The poor, dear, little precious!"

"Chillens is a heap of trouble," said Annie, heaving a deep sigh.

Again Jane thought it was her time to say something, so she said, "It's a very warm day."

"It's high time you were learning your letters," said Uncle Joe to his pet niece. "Ain't I doin' it? Why, I knows all the O's," was the ready answer.

ST. JOHN has hardly a corporal's guard, and yet there are millions who would vote for him if they thought he had half a chance of being elected. Whisky is to the moderns what the Scyth of the steppes was to the ancients—the destroyer of nations.

Editorial.

THE activity of the Independent Republicans against the candidate of their party is a hopeful sign for the republic. It shows that there are still some who put country above party, and their example might well be followed by their political opponents, in some portions of the land.

ONCE more the friends of the Republican candidate seek to make it appear that the presidential contest is only a sectional struggle for power. The prospect of a solid South has driven Mr. Blaine to despair, and along his whole line an appeal is made to the half-buried hate engendered by the war.

POSTERITY will doubtless have some curiosity about the strategic moves of Confederate generals, but much more concerning those facts which explain the animus of the struggle. The letters of the rank and file, if handed down, will be read long after the official reports are remanded to oblivion.

THE doctrine of hate ill-becomes the members of the Grand Army of the Republic. Words of kindness, without corresponding deeds, count for nothing. Why are they alarmed? Have they beaten the Confederates at the bayonet point to fear them at the ballot-box? The day may yet come when their old enemies in the field may prove their staunchest allies in the halls of legislation.

IT seems not improbable that the Confederate brigadiers may be called upon to "rally 'round the flag, boys." Mr. Blaine hints at a revolt inside of the Union. It might as well be understood that the people of the South intend to preserve the results of the war. They are not going to countenance disunion in any shape, whether it takes the form of revolution or secession. If Maine dares to rebel against the best government the world ever saw, you may yet hear the Confederate yell on the banks of the Penobscot.

WHAT a contrast! North of the Ohio, a tempest of passion is raging. South of it, hardly a ripple breaks the surface of the political deep. Did we sow in tears to reap in joy? or is it the stillness of death? In the one section, eloquence pays her loftiest tributes

to the valor of the Union soldier; in the other, the struggle for constitutional liberty is mentioned with bated breath. Truly, the despotism of public opinion drives the iron into the soul.

It is proposed to give to the January issue of *THE BIVOUAC* something of a holiday character—that is, to fill it almost entirely with short anecdotes of the war and the old-time life in the South. Can not some of our friends help us? Trifling incidents sometimes serve to illustrate a people's daily life better than long-drawn narratives of so-called important events. The rising generation is quite as curious about the old slave days as about the war times. Since the gray-headed sires are too occupied for such trifles, if not above them, we appeal to the mothers and the "ancient maidens."

It is not too late for the base-ball clubs to put a candidate in the field for President. Now, that women and the drummers have one apiece it is time for the boys to assert themselves. It is a powerful class, and a growing one. With their present control of the Associated Press dispatches, there is no calculating the running power of the head of their ticket. No journal of metropolitan rank would dare to sneer at their man, without danger of being bankrupted by the ruin of its circulation. If a combination could be effected with the boat-club millions, the wave of success would probably attain tidal proportions.

It would seem as if some Federal soldiers had put up their votes to the highest bidder. Taking advantage of the great demand for that commodity, at a recent convention, they demand that every ninety-days' man shall receive a pension. These increasing demands recall those of the idle citizens of Rome for more *free* corn. The times, too, recall other events which went before the fall of the republic, among which not the least is the seizure of the voting-places by gangs of armed men. But why appeal to history? He who does so is apt to be treated as a certain gallant officer at the battle of Ream's Station. A veteran Confederate division had been repulsed, and he was making a desperate effort to rally a portion of the fugitives. "Remember," said he, "your heroic record, your country and your sacred cause," and then addressing himself particularly to three men who were struggling with each other for the possession of a sapling, he continued; "Better death a thousand times than disgrace!" Only one of them took the slightest notice of him, and he, turning, exclaimed, impatiently, "Go away, fool!"

A LIBERAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS.

For the purpose of inducing our old subscribers to aid us in extending the circulation of the *BIVOUAC*, we make the following liberal offer to them, **and to them alone**:

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The Southern Historical Papers, published at Richmond, Virginia, has a field of its own upon which we do not propose to invade, but bid it God-speed in its good work.

At the outset, the price of subscription was fixed so as just to cover the cost of publication and postage. Other expenses were not considered, such as compensation of agents, advertising, etc. In the meantime, composition and material have advanced, and we, therefore, feel justified in raising the price, hereafter, to \$2.00 per annum.

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BACK NUMBERS WANTED.

Our subscription list for the last year having exceeded expectation, we find ourselves short of the September and February numbers of Vol. II, for which we will pay 15 cents each, to be remitted by mail or credited upon account. Those who can spare them, will please send by mail.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

With the August number many of our subscriptions expired. We hope our friends will take notice and remit at once. To those who remit before December the price will be \$1.50, after that time \$2.00.

